An Autocratic Ruler In Utah

IN the southern part of Utah, twenty-five miles southeast of the junction of the Colorado and San Juan rivers, is an independent nation, a race which does not recognize the espionage of Uncle Sam, and has its own government, crude though it be, and are satisfied, though hungry.

The statement may seem ambiguous, but it is nevertheless true, and the 1,800 souls who constitute the population look up to their Hoskanini with all the love and reverence of a loyal people, although he is probably the most absolute autocrat on the globe. Hoskanini never would surrender when the Navajo war of 1885 was on; he was one of the greatest warriors his people or the white people ever knew, and when the treaty was made whereby the majority of the Navajoes went onto the reservation provided by Uncle Sam and began to draw their rations, Hoskanini divided spoils with them and took his followers to the land where he now reigns supreme. In modern English slang he is "It" without any strings tied to him, but he is broad-minded and liberal as well as rich.

At the Oxford hotel are Horace J. Long, William Lyttle and Edward L. Smith, just returned from the strange country of Hoskanini, where they have been engaged in placer mining. They will leave today for a visit to their home in Breckenridge, and will return soon to the Utah claims, where they are in charge of a $300,000 dredging outfit.

"Chief Hoskanini is a queer character," said Mr. Long during a visit to his old friend, Peter O'Brian, city engineer. "He refused all overtures of our government after the wars of the '80s, and since then has been unmolested, governing his people with an iron arm, but a padded hand. He is a tall, thin man, weighs probably 135 pounds, and stands 6 feet 3 inches in his moccasins. He owns 4,000 sheep and several thousand horses. His tribal medicine man, Navajo Joe, is next in wealth, numbering his sheep at 5,000, but he is without horses. Hoskanini is now 93 years old, wrinkled and wizen-faced, but his keen black eyes are as bright and clear as those of a babe. His costume consists of black velvet corduroy trousers with great white buttons down the side of each leg, a loose shirt and sometimes a gaudy coat.

"It is difficult to get any of Hoskanini's people to talk, signs and actions being the best way of communicating with them. Navajo Joe is the best talker of the lot, and he is a pretty well-informed fellow, although his pigeon English is highly amusing.

"During the last fall and winter the horses died off rapidly, the loss being probably 90 per cent, because of the barrenness of the country, and the poor Indians are now in a quandary as to how to get beasts of burden. They want burros, believing these animals will withstand the hardships of the arid waste and live where a horse would starve to death. Some grain is raised in the mountains where there is water, but the people are wholly independent, drawing no rations and producing the food they get, such as it is. They are always hungry and begging for 'chicnargo,' which means anything they can swallow. Every time they meet a white man or any stranger, they hold out bony hands and cry, 'Chicnargo! chicnargo!' Nearly all of the men are lean from lack of food, but they are contented. The squaws all keep fat and do most of the work. Hoskanini has seven squaws and Navajo Joe has five."

Mr. Long relates many interesting stories of incidents among these Indians. Hoskanini is, as has been said, "It," in every sense of the term. He does not even saddle his own horse or put on his own clothes. Attendants are about him all the time, doing everything for him, even unto removing his moccasins. The veriest monarch was never better cared for in point of devotion and service, than is this chief by his handmen and his squaws. He is a proud ruler, too. One day when one of Mr. Long's party proffered Hoskanini some food the chief refused it and grunted, "Humph, no; all same dog." Then he brushed the food aside, walked up to the white men's camp and took his seat to eat at their board. The best was none too good for him, and he emphasized the fact.

The Long party went over to Hoskanini's camp one day, a short journey of seven miles, and sought to trade for some blankets, but the chief forbade any bartering. He wanted to first get better acquainted with the strangers. One of them very ceremoniously gave him a silver dollar and, wishing him "many moons," departed. A few days later Hoskanini appeared at the white men's camp with pack horses laden with blankets and trinkets and announced that he was ready to trade. They are shrewd people, having long ago learned that their blankets are valuable among the whites, hence it is now harder to trade with them than it was a few years ago. The blankets, if made from the light yarn sent by the whites for the Indian weavers, are light and of a low grade, but the genuine Navajo blanket, woven from Navajo yarn, is heavy like an American rug, weighing from twenty-four to forty pounds. The wool is suspended above the weaver's head, and with his bare hand he pulls it out, rolls out a foot or two at a time on his knee and obtains a yarn about the size of a lead pencil. With their forked sticks this is woven into the blanket.

Mr. Long uses the Indians in manning a gasoline scow on the Colorado river, which is used for hauling supplies or machinery.

"Some work is play to them," he said, "and that is the only work one can get them to do ordinarily. We used to pull our gasoline up the bank with ropes, and every time that was done no less than twenty-five Indians would want to pull at the rope. They looked on 'fire pull' (the gasoline haul) as one of the great sporting events of their sedentary lives, and squaws, boys and men pulled at our ropes in great glee. Any time they could pull on a rope they enjoyed themselves."

Near the time for leaving for Colorado, Mr. Long's party missed one freight delivery from the nearest supply point, fifty-three miles away, and for twenty-seven days subsisted on baking powder biscuit and tea, not once tasting anything else, but tobacco, yet the health of the camp was not seriously impaired.—Denver Post.

A Remarkable War Machine

THAT the strongest argument for peace is readiness for war would seem to be the excuse for Anson Phelps Stokes, the millionaire philanthropist, who has taken out letters patent for what is intended to be the most potent engine of destruction the world has seen. It is a floating battery, designed primarily for coast defense, but which promises to be as deadly in offense.

One of the most novel features of the design is its spherical shape. The boat—if boat it can be called—is shaped almost like an orange, and the two forty-ton disappearing guns with which it is to be equipped are built into the hull at the water line in such a way that as long as the ship keeps afloat they cannot be damaged or put out of action. The vessel's armament, in addition to these, will consist of seven submerged torpedo tubes.

With a displacement of nearly 4,000 tons, her crew will consist of about 400 men. In the opinion of her inventor, even if a chance shell should hit so difficult a mark there is little danger of it penetrating the sloping hull.

The letters patent are dated April 7, 1903, and the design already has been offered to the United States navy. Exhaustive tests of the vessel's merits are to be made soon. In case the American government should be unwilling to take it up the rights for foreign countries have been protected. The Russian navy is the only one which has anything of a similar type on the active lists. These boats are the Popoff and Novgorod, but they are several years old and have defects which are said not to exist in this most modern American invention.

The fundamental principle on which the Stokes boat depends seems to be the establishment of the center of gravity for the guns at the point of the center of gravity for the vessel. In this way, it is expected, the chief desideratum of all naval engineers, a stable gun platform, will be obtained. The guns as planned will extend through the main deck to the gun deck, from which they will be loaded, and will be held rigidly in place by the framework of the vessel itself. To train the guns it will be necessary to use counterpoises, which will be run fore and aft, thus tilting the vessel and the guns with it to the desired elevation.

In fair weather small machine guns will be placed on the upper deck, thus adding appreciably to the offensive strength of the battery, but the features on which the most reliance is placed are the big disappearing guns on the one hand and the practical immunity of the low-lying, spherical mass on the other.

In the application for patents Mr. Stokes enumerated many other advantages.

"Heretofore," he said, "numerous attempts, more or less successful, have been made to produce a floating battery which would be practically impregnable. But all these batteries possess certain disadvantages which it is the object of my invention to overcome. It will be seen that by reason of the spherical shape of my vessel considerable weight is saved in construction, and by this means, and especially by having the guns extend across most of the vessel, much heavier guns can be used. Considerable economy in the cost of construction results from the spherical shape, for the reason that a large number of the parts are duplicates of one another, and for other reasons obvious to a naval constructor.

"Another item of economy results from the fact that no gun carriage is needed for the big guns. These carriages necessarily must be highly expensive, and their omission not only effects a saving, but produces a safer and more secure mount for the heaviest guns. The heavy armor covering the doors, windows, etc., can be more easily supported and more easily moved on the upper part of a spherical surface than on the vertical or nearly vertical sides of an ordinary ship. The spherical form of the vessel, combined with its bulging bottom and the placing of the center of gravity of the guns at or near that of the vessel, gives additional stability, which is not found in vessels of the ordinary type. The vessel carries a launch and cutter within the protection of the heavy armor, and these may be launched easily by depressing the port or starboard side by means of the counterpoises provided."

Anson Phelps Stokes, who was one of the children of James Stokes, inherited an immense fortune from his father, and has devoted most of his time to the management of his estate. He was an active man of affairs until about two years ago, when an accident to his right leg made amputation necessary.

His son, the Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, jr., was ordained a priest in the Protestant Episcopal church by Bishop Potter two years ago, and is a secretary of the Yale University corporation. Another son, J. G. Phelps Stokes, devotes most of his time to work in the College settlement on the east side. Mr. Stokes, sr., is traveling in the south for his health, and neither of his sons last night was willing to discuss his invention.—New York Press.

HIS UNCLE JOB PILLISTER.

How the Business Idea in Him Had Great Preponderance.

(New York Sun.)

"Along about this time o' year," said the man with the loud cigar butt, "I always think of my Uncle Job Pillister and the big business head he had. The preponderance of the business idea in my Uncle Job was great. I think of it most about this time o' year because I lived with him on the farm when I was a boy, and he said to me one day:

"'Absalom, I s'pose you know them early 'taters is to be planted today. I guess we'd better get at 'em.'

"'I know all about that 'tater planting well enough, but I had just dug a lot o' fishworms and was all ready to go down to the creek to try the trout. So I said:

"'Yes, Uncle Job. But the trout are biting tremendous, so folks are saying.'

"'Is that so?' said Uncle Job, blandly. 'Well, then, my boy, I s'pose you've been digging fishworms?'

"'Yes, uncle,' sail I, feeling good.

"'And you've got your pole and line all fixed ready, too, I s'pose?' said he.

"'Yes, uncle,' said I, and I could just as good as see myself on the creek that minute and feel the trout biting.

"'Creek ain't too high, think?' said Uncle Job.

"'Never was in better shape for fishing, everybody says,' said I.

"'Well,' said Uncle Job, thinking it over, 'I s'pose it ain't going to make much difference if only one of us plants 'taters today.'

"'Not a bit,' said I, 'if it doesn't make any difference to you.'

"'No, it don't,' said Uncle Job. 'No difference to me, at all. You're sure you've got worms enough, though, my boy?' said he.

"'Oh, plenty,' said I starting to get my fishpole.

"'And you're sure the trout are biting good?' said Uncle Job.

"'They never bit better!' said I.

"'All right, then,' said Uncle Job, 'that being the case, I guess I'll take the pole and the worms and go down to the creek and see what luck I'll have. You just go on planting 'taters as if I wasn't here, and get in as many as you can, for it's a good day for planting,' and he took the worms and the pole and went fishing.

"I was a little set back, of course, but I couldn't help but admire the preponderance of the business idea in Uncle Job. It wasn't fishing that he cared so much about. It was the getting in of the 'taters, and you will notice that he did not make up his mind to go fishing until he found I could get along with the planting all right. So along about this time o' year I always think of my Uncle Job Pillister and the big business head he had."

L'ENVOI.

(Rudyard Kipling.)

When earth's last picture is painted,
And the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded,
And the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest—and, faith, we shall need it—
Lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen
Shall set us to work anew.

And those that were good shall be happy;
They shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas
With brushes of comet's hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—
Magdalene, Peter and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting,
And never get tired at all.

And only the Master shall praise us,
And only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money,
And no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working,
And each in his separate star
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it
For the God of Things as they are.